## THE ... By ... Louis Tracy, PILLAR of Author of The Wings Morning" Copyright, 1904, by Edward J. Clode

CHAPTER XV (Continued.)

"Eighty-one numery mouths expect to haps. Well, I guess he's right." be filled to repletion tonight," she said. "No more gossip. What curious creatures women are! Our own affairs are ally. All the stores had been carried sufficiently engrossing without endeavbring to pry into Mr. Pyne's."

"Connie, don't press your lips so tightly. You are just dying to know what upset him. But, mark my words. It had nothing to do with any other woman.

Wherein Enid was completely mistaken; she would never commit a greater error of judgment during the rest of her days.

When Pyne quitted the kitchen his intent was to reach Brand without delay. As he passed Mrs. Vansittart's bedroom he paused. Something had delighted him immeasurably once the first shock of the intelligence had passed.

He seemed to be irresolute in his mind, for he waited some time on the landing before he knocked at the door and asked if Mrs. Vansittart would come and speak to him,

"Are you alone?" she demanded, remaining invisible. "Yes," he said.

Then she appeared, with that borhend and face.

"What is it?" she said wearily. "You have had a letter from my ancle?"

"Yes, a charming letter, but I cannot understand it. He says that some very important and amazing event will detain him in Penzance after we reacthe place. He goes on-but I will read

it to you. I am quite bewildered." She took a letter from her pocket and searched through its contents until the found a paragraph. She was about to read it aloud when some one carrie down the stairs. It was one of the officers, yet Mrs. Vansithart was so flurried that she drapped the sheet of paper and bent to pick it up before Pyne

"Oh, bother!" she cried. "I am dreadfully nervous, even now that we are in no further peril. This is what I wish you to hear. And she read:

Nothing but the most amuzing and unlooked for circumstances would cause to ask you to postpone the date of nt least a month after you This is not the time nor are marriage for at your present surroundings the place for you why I make this request Suffice it to say that I think-indeed, am sure-a great i ppinesa has come into my life, a happinesa which you, as me

The American, while Mrs. Vansittart was intent on her excepts from his uncle's letter, stabled all that was visible of her Se . That which he saw there puzzled film. She had suffered no more than others, so he wondered why she were such an air of settled melancholy. Throughout the lighthouse gloom was dispelled. The sick become well, the lethargle became lively. Even the tipplers of methylated spirits, deadly ill before, had worked like Trojans at the rape, as eager to rehabilitate their shattered character as to land the much needed stores.

What trouble had befallen this woher, that she remained listless when all about her was life and joyance, she, the cynosure of many eyes by her costumes and graceful carriage, cowering from recognition? Here was a mystery, though she had repudiated the word, and a mystery which, thus far, defeated his subconscious efforts at so-She lifted her eyes to his. Her ex-

pression was forlorn, compelling pity by its utter desolation.

'What does he mean?" she asked plaintively. "Why has he not spoken clearly? Can you tell me what it is, this great happiness which has entered so strangely into his life and mine?"

"I have never met any man who knew exactly what he meant to say and exactly how to say it better than Cyrus J.," said Pyne. "But he has written to you surely."

Does he give no hint?"

"His letter is a very short one. To be candid, I have hardly made myself fore she's nuch older." acquainted with its contents as yet." "You are fencing with me. You

know, and you will not tell." Her mood changed so rapidly that Pyne was not wholly prepared for the

"It is a good rule," he said, "never to pretend you can handle another man's affairs better than he can handle

them himself." He met her kindling glance firmly. The anger that scintiliated in her eyes almost found utterance, but this clever woman of the world felt that nothing would be gained, perhaps a great deal

lost, by any open display of temper. She laughed scornfully. "Mr. Traill is certainly the best judge of those worthy of his confidence. Excuse me if I spoke heatedly, Let matters remain where they were."

"Just a word, Mrs. Vansittart. My uncle has written you fairly and squarely. He has not denied you his confidence. If I understood you, he has promised it to the fullest extent." "Yes, that is true."

"Then what are we quarreling about?"

He laughed in his careless way to put her at her case. She frowned meditatively. She who could smile in such a dazzling fashion had lost her art of

"You are right," she said slowly. "I am just a hysterical woman, starting at shadows, making mountains out of molebills. Forgive me."

As Pyne went on up the stairs his

reflections took this shape: "The old man shied at telling her putright. I wonder why. He is chock full of tact, the smoothest old boy I

ever fell up against. He thinks there may have been little troubles here, per-

In the service room he found Brand cleaning a lamp calmly and methodicdownstairs and the storeroom key giv- Brand the while: en over to the purser.

"I am glad you have turned up," said the lighthouse keeper. "Oblige me by opening that locker and taking back the articles I purloined recently. If the purser asks for an explanation, tell him the truth and say I am willing to eat this stuff now for my sins."

Pyne noticed that Brand's own letters lay in a small pile on the writing desk. With two exceptions, they were unopened. As a matter of fact, he had glanced at the superscriptions, saw that they were nearly all from stranfell and the lighting of the lamps would give him a spare moment.

"I'll do that with pleasure," said the American, "but there's one thing I want to discuss with you while there is a chance of belong alone. My uncle | was more room," said the child, "An says he has written to you."

"To me?" "Yes. It deals with an important

matter too. It concerns Enid." "Mr. Traill has written to me about rowed shawl still closely wrapped over | Enid?" repeated Brand, stopping his industrious poushing to see if Pyne were loking with him.

"That's so. See; here is his letter. It will tell its own story. Guess you'd

better read it right away." The young man picked up one of the sealed letters on the table and handed

It to the other. Setting aside a glass chimney and a wash leather. Brand lost no time in reading Mr. Traill's communication.

Save that his lips tightened and his face paled slightly, there was no out-ward indication of the turnuit the written words must have created in his soul, for this is what met his astonished vision:

Dear Mr. Brand-I hope soon to make your acquaintance. It will be an honor to meet a man who has done so much for those near and dear to me, but there is one reason why I am anxious to grasp your hand which is so utterly beyond your present knowledge that I deem it a luty to tell you the facts-to prepare you, in a word.

Circumstances have thrown me into the company of Lieutenant Stanhope. We had a kindred inspiration. He, I understand, is, in effect if not in actual recorded fact, the accepted suitor of your adopted daughter, known as Miss Enid Trevillion I, although an older man, can share his feelings, because I am engaged to be married to Mrs. Vansittart, a lady whom you have, by God's help, rescued. Hence Mr. Stanhope and I have almost lived together, ashore and affoat, during these troubled days. Naturally, he spoke of the girl he loves and told me something of her history. He described the brouch found on her clothing, and a Mr. Jones retired from the lighthouse service, who was present when you saved the child from speedy death, laforms me that her linen was marked "E. T." These facts, combined with the date and

Mr. Jones' description of the damaged boat, lead me to believe that the girl is own dangeliter on have mercifully preserved to gladder be eyes of a father who mourned be death and the death of her mother for nipeteen years.

I can say no more at present. I am no making inferences not builfied in other ways; nor am I setting up a father's claim to rob you of the affections of a man, so gracious, so facile, so worship-ful in her charm of manner and utter-ance during the years he had known

she owes to you, for, thiced, h. Mr. Stan hope and in all others was know you you have cloquent witnesses. Yours may sincerely, CYRUS J. TRABLL.

P. S.—Let me and as an afterthough that only my nephew and you have received this information. The agonize suspense which the holdes must have endured on the rock is a trial more than sufficient to tax their powers. If, is sufficient to the their powers. If, a expect, Mr. Stanbope marcia you that, will be guided whelly by your advice to whether or tot the matter shall de known to your Enid-to my Eulth before she lands.

Brand dropped the letter and place his hands over his face. He yieldes for an instant to the stupor of the in telligence.

Pyne came near to him and said. with an odd despondency in his voice: "Say, you feel bad about this, Guesyou'll hate our family in future,"

"Why should I hate may one who brings rank and fortune to one of my little girls?"

"Well," went on Pyne anxiously. "she'll be Mrs. Stanbope, anyhow, be

"That appears to be settled. A) things have worked our for the hear



"Say, you feet bad about this."

Most certainly your excellent uncle and I shall not fall out about Enid. If it sun appeared, and the sea seemed to comes to that we must share her as a sink into long deferred slumber under daughter."

Pyne brightened considerably as he learned how Brand had taken the

"Ob, bully!" he cried. "That's a clear way out. Do you know, I was begin- his right, was first to be heisted to the ning to feel scared. I didn't count a little bit on my respected uncle setting | hand grip with Brand. up & title to Enid."

CHAPTER XVI.

HEY were interrupted. Elsie, with her golden hair and big blue eyes, pink cheeks and parted lips, appeared on the stairs. All that was visible was her She looked like one of Murillo's angels.

"Please, can Mamie 'n' me see the other with frank friendliness. man?" she asked, a trifle awed. She did not expect to encounter a stern faced official in uniform.

instantly the child gained confidence, with that prompt abandonment to a favorable first impression which marks the exceeding wisdom of children and

She directed an encouraging sotto voce down the stairs:

"Come right 'long, Mamie." Then she answered, clasping the hand Pyne extended to her, but eying

"The man who brought the milk." She wondered why they laughed, but the lighthouse keeper caught her up in his arms.

"He has gone away, sweetheart." said, "but when he comes in the morning I shall send for you, and you will was injured, ch? Are you getting bet- and kissed her.

Elsle, having seen Mamie safely extracted from the stairway, became vol-

"My elbow is stiff, but it doesn't gers and laid them aside until night hurt. I was feelin' pretty bad forethe milk came, but Mamie an' me had a lovely lot an' some beautiful jelly to meet his best girl under such cir-Fine, wasn't h. Mamle?"

Souizzit!" reread Mamie. "I think I'd like being here if there why len't there any washin'? Mamiean' me is always bein' washed 'ceps' high in averages.'

when we're here." "Surely you have not kept your face as clean as it is now ever since you left the ship?"

been rubbed with a hanky." "And sent out to pay a call?" Not 'zactly," said truthful Mamie.

"Mr. Pyne told us to wait near the "That's an old story now," Intervened Pyne quickly. "Climb up on my shoulder and have a look at the

Perhaps there may be a ship too." "What did Mr. Pyne tell you?" whispered Brand, pretending to make a se-

cret of it with Elsie. "There didn't seem to be 'nuff to eat," she explained seriously, "so Mr. Pyne ken's bit of biscuit in his pocket, an' Manile an' me had a chaw every time we saw bim." "li'm" murmured the man, glane-

ing up at his young friend as he walked around the trimining stage with the delighted Mamie. "I suppose he asked you not to tell anybody? "We wasn't to tell Miss Constance

or Miss Enid. An' they tole us we wasn't to tell him about the sweet stuff they put in our tea. That is all. Funny, isn't it?" Brand knew that these little ones

were motherless. His eyes dimmed somewhat. Like all self contained men, he detested any exhibition of sentiment. "I say," he cried huskily to Pyne,

"you must escort your friends back to their quarters. No more idling, please." "An' you will really send for us tomorrow to see the milkman?" said Elsie. Notwithstanding his sudden gruffness she was not afraid of him. She

looked longingly at the great lamp and the twinkling diamonds of the dioptric lens. "Yes, I will not forget. Goodby,

now, dearle." The visit of the children had given

him a timely reminder. As these two were now, so had his own loved ones been in years that might not be re-

The nest would soon be empty, the in his mind. young birds flown. He realized that he would not be many days ashore before the young American to whom he to him and put forward a more enduring claim to Constance than Mr. Traill made with regard to Eaid. Well, he by Stanbope, reached the boat after though no man ever lost two daughters under stranger conditions.

When Pyne returned, Brand was ready for him. The struggle was sharp, but It had ended.

"I would like you to read your uncle's letter," he said. "I am clear in my own mind as to the right course to adopt. If Mr. Traill wishes to win Enid's affections he will not take her by surprise. Indeed, he himself recognizes this element in the situation. You will not rush away from Penzance at once, I take it?"

"No, sir," said Pyne, with a delightful certainty of negation that caused a smile to brighten his hearer's face.

"I may not get clear of the rock for several days. There is much to place in order here. When the relief comes i must help the men to make things shipchape. Meanwhile, Stanhope-or Constance, whom you can take into your confidence-will smooth the way"-

"No, sir," interrupted Pyne, even more emphatically. "When you come to know my uncle you will find that he plays the game all the time. If Enid is to be given a new parent, the old one will make the gift. And that's a fact."

Brand wgived the point. "The girls have plenty to endure here without having this surprise sprung on them," he said. "I will write to Mr. Traill and leave events ashore in his hands."

So for a night and the better part of a day the pillar locked in its recesses some new doubts and cogitations. As between the two men a stronger bond of sympathy was created. Pyne in those restless hours was admirably tactful. He talked a great deal of his uncle. Soon not only Brand, but the two girls, seemed to be well acquaint-

ed with a man they had never met. With the morning tide the anarchy of the waves ceased. The children were brought to the lantern to witness a more majestic sight than the arrival of the "milkman." With the dawn the his potency.

The flood tide of the afternoon brought the unfailing tug, towing the Penzance lifeboat. The crane was swung out, and Jack Stanhope, as was entrance and to exchange a hearty

Behind the lighthouse keeper were

ranged many faces, but not that which

the sallor sought. "Where is Enid?" he asked after the first words of congratulation were spoken. "Have you told her?"

"No. Here is Mr. Pyne. He will take you to the girls and tell you what we have decided." The two young men looked at each

"When we have a minute to spare you must take me to the gallery and explain just how you worked that "What man, dearle?" he said, and trick," said Stanhope, "Brand's semaphore was to the point, but it omitted details."

"That is where I have the pull of you," responded Pyne, with equal cordiality. "I don't require any telling about your work yesterday."

"Oh, people make such a fuss. What is there remarkable in guiding a boat through a rough sen?"

"I may be wrong, but it looks a heap barder than swarming up a pole." In such wise did young Britain and young America pontpool the idea that

they had done nught heroic. Indeed, their brief talk dealt next with Enid, and Lieutenant Stanhope, R. N., did not think he was outraging conventionality when he found Enid in see him. You are the little girl who the kitchen and took her in his arms

> Constance and Pyne discovered that the tug as seen through the window was a very interesting object. "You don't feel at all loassome?" he

> murmured to her. "Not in the leasn." "It must do a fellow a beep of good

> "Mr. Stanhope and my stater have been the greatest of felecula for years." "Is it possible to carely up? The host few days on the rock outlit to figure

"Mack," cried Constances finding this direct attack somewhat disconcerting, "did my father say that any arrangements were to be more for landing? "Oh. no." put la Manile. "We've just

"Yes, tyles" interposed a saller at the door. "The shipper's orders are, 'Wo expected her to say. When she quitmen an' children to muster on the lower ted him he walked toward the group

Then began a loyous yet strangely pathetic procession, hended by Elisle and Mamie, who were carried downstairs by the newly arrived lighthouse men. The children eried and refused to be comforted until Pyne descended with them to the lifebout. The women followed in terrible plight, notwithstanding the wraps sent them on tearfully asked the Lord to bless him and his

Among them came Mrs. Vauslitart. Her reatures were veiled more closely than ever. While she shoul hebited the others in the entrance her ginnes was fixed immovably on Brand's face. No Sibyline prophetess could have striven more eagerly to wrest the secrets of his soul from its lineaments. Nevertheless when he turned to her with his pleasant smile and parting words of comfort she averted her eyes, uttered an incoherent phrase of thanks for his kindness and see all to be unduly terrified by the idea that she must be swung into the Habout by the crane.

She held out her hand. It was cold and trembling, -"Don't be afraid," be said gently, patting her on the shoulder as one might reassure a thuld chil. "Sit down and

hold the rope. The backet cannot possibly be overnment." Pyne, helping to unload the treamlous passengers beneath, noted the lady's sittinde and abled a fresh memorandum to the stock be had at-

"Who is that?" asked Prued from the purser, who stood beside him.

"Mrs. Vanslimet." Brand experienced a momentary sur-

"She seemed to avoid me," thought, but the incident did not linger

The lifeboat, rising and falling on the strong and partly broken swell, required the most expert management if the weary people on the rock were to be taken off in safety,

When Constance and Hald, followed giving Brand a farewell har, there was no more room. The erew pulled toward the waiting vessel, and here a specially prepared unarray rendered

the work of transchipment easy, Mr. Traill was leaning over the bulwark as the lifeboat range i alongside He singled out Pyne at once and gave him a cheery cry of recognition. first he could not distinguish Mrs. Van sittart, and Indeed It must be confessed that he was striving most carnestly to descry one face which had come back to him out of the distant

When his glance fell on Endd, his nephew, who was thinking how best to act under the circumstances, was 14 yet with excitement!" sured that the father saw in the girs Prate me to your hotel. You have enthe lights embodament of her mother.

He thought it would be see. His own, gaged rooms there, I suppore;" recollection of his munt's partraits have already helped him to this conclusion. and how much more stanting must a flesh and blood creation be than the effort of an artist to place on canvas the fugitive expression which constitutes the greatest charm of a mobile countenance.

Enid, having heard so much about of constraint. Mr. Pyne's uncle, was innocently curlous to meet him. At first she was vaguely bewildered. The smaken eyes were fixed on hers with an intensity that gave her a momentary sense of embarrassment. Luckily the exigencles of the hour offered slight scope to emotion. All things were unreal, out of drawing with previous experiences of her well ordered life. The bregular swaying of the hoat and the tug

seemed to typify the new phase. Pyne swung himself to the steamer's deck before the gangway was made fast, thereby provoking a loud outery

from the descried children. Grasping his uncle's hand, he said: "Wait until you read Brand's letter. No one else knows."

So Mr. Traill, with fine self control, greeted Mrs. Vansittart affectionately and handed her over to a stewardess, who took her to a cabla specially prepared for her. Her low spoken words were not quite what he expected. Don't kiss me," she murmured, "and not listen to any such proposal.

please don't look at me. In my present condition I cannot bear it." Relatives of the shipwrecked passengers and crew, many of whom were

v. . . . . Pelitance, were not allowed in board. This arrangement was made by Mr. Traill after consulting a local

catee organized to help the ununates who needed help so greatly. ie unanimous opinion was expressed that a few lady members of the committee, supplied with an abundance of clothing, etc., would afford prompt re lief to the sufferers, while the painful scenes which mast follow the meeting of survivors with their friends would cause confusion and delay on the ves

Pyne, watching all things, saw that Mrs. Vansittart did not meet his uncle with the eagerness of a woman restored to the arms of the man she was about to marry.

She was distraught, aloof in her manner, apparently interested only in his eager assurance that she would find an assortment of new garments in the cabin. The millionaire bimself was too flus-

tered to draw nice distinctions between the few words she spoke and what he



"Don't be afraid "

of young people. They were laughten ly exchanging news and bauter as if met Enich.

Pyne introduced his upole, and it was a trying experience for him to house after what he has endured." stand face to face with his daughter. In each quick finsh of her delighted eyes, in every topo of her sweet valthe previous day. Each as she passed in every winsome smile and graceful Stephen Brand to do him forewell and gesture, he caught and viviled long dormant memories of his greatly loved wife of nineteen years ago,

Somehow he was glad Mrs. Vansittart lad not Engered by his side. The Pressure hirs, Vansitiart, discovery of Enid's identity involved unforeseen that he needed time and with a sigh of relief. anxlous thought to arrange his plans for the fature. The animated bustle on deck pre-

tained conversation. Luckily Mr. generosity had made matters easy for five and lively as a grasshopper. the reception committee, was in constant demand. Mrs. Sheppard had sent a portmanteau for Constance and Enid, so they.

vented anything in the nature of sus-

The lifeboot returned to the rock. where the four lighthouse men sent to up in the morning, and then we're gorelieve Brand were now healing the ling out to hunt-for what do you Mr. Traill's cordial welcome he smilsailors to carry the injured men down- think?" stairs and assisting the sick to reach

too, soon scurried below with the oth-

the entrance. As soon as this second batch was

would land the others, dock. The vociferous cheering of the -and say all sorts of things when you but I came here as quickly as possitownspeople smothered the deep arony pinch their little waists. So you two ble," of some who walted there, knowing and hurry up after you've had your supper. At that instant his glance, travellag too well they would search in valu for say your prayers and close your eyes. their loved ones among these whom and when you open them you'll be able

death had spared. The two girls modestly escaped at mighty sharp." the earliest moment from the shed used as a reception room. All the inhabitants knew then personally or by that before. Now, if I didn't know sight. They attracted such attention you were a confirmed young bacholor lightly attracted such attention. sight. They attracted such attention that they gladly relinquished to other I would begin to have suspicious. Any the victim of some unnerving halfucihands any further charge of the ships how here's the hotel." wrecked people. So after a few words of farewell for the hour Stanhope plloted them to a welling earnings and

drove away with them. Mrs. Vansiturt did not emerge from her cabin until the deck was described. dow recess, She found Mr. Traill looking for her. In a neat black dress and feather hat

she was rehabilitated. "Why didn't you show up carifer?" he usked in good homored surprise. brought the color into many a pule pickities, there is a new nititude on that she was and the way in which the Mrs. Vanshtari's part. It pursles me. excitement of of wholering power. erowd let itself go was splendid. Lock We have been friends for some years, at these waiting thous has, quivering as you know. It seemed to be a per-

"I am worn out," she said quietly,

"Of concas". "When do you purpose Paring Pen-Tange? "Well-er-that is part of the expla-

"We can talk matters over to the hotel. Where is your nephew?" For the first time he marked her air "Believe me, Etta." he said hurrleds

ly, "that what I have to tell you will

nation I promised you."

come as a great surprise, but it should be a very pleasant one." "Anything that gratifies you will be welcomed by me," she said simply. "You have not said where Charlie is." "Hiding in that shed. He refused Mr. Stanhope's offer of a rigout on board. In his present disguise he

wants to see the man who saved all of "Have you a closed carriage here?"

"Yes."

passes as a stoker, and everybody

"Let us go. Charlie can come with

Again he was conscious of a barrier between them, but he attributed her mood to the strain she had undergone. In the shed they found Pyne. With Was aware of its explanation." him were the orphaned children; there was none to meet them. Kind offers

"I guess they're happy with me," he carriage stopped at the hotel. said. "I will see them through their present trouble." Childlike, they had eyes and ears to receive his guests.

Elisie usked him;

the boat.'

"Don't you worry, Elsie," he said.

His uncle and Mrs. Vansittart ap-

longer hidden. children?" she imprired.

"There's none here to claim them," he said. "I can't let them leave me in She swept aside the almost unconsclore that haphazard way." "Let me help you. It is a woman's greeted her.

privilege. She stooped toward the tiny mites. "You dear little babes," she said softly. "I can take mother's place for the news came that he had escaped. a time.

They knew her quite well, of course, nearer and kissed her. of the ballroom.

Mamie looked at Elsie, and the self reliant Elale said vallantly:

comes too."

sympathy. "we are all of one mirel. Come this "When all is said and done we women way, fite. And mind you stick close should have despise our wardrabe, is it, Charle, or the hall parter will That marvelous lighthouse had one theory you out if you attempt to enter grave defect in my eyes. It was the hotel in that containe."

He prefer on cheerently, telling thom how clothic a and millines and all the stored separate in the town, if they were stored to her a third surroundings. needed, would wait on them at the

note our cough suppliers things to tions. Even Pyne, not wholly pleased render you presentable for a day or with her in the past, found his critical two, Den't formet we dine at 8. We judgment yielding when she apologized mucht to be a joby purty. I have asked aweetly to Ledy Margaret for her Stanfore and his mother and those tardiness, two gigls to John us."

"You must excuse me. 1"-"Now, Eith, my dear, you will not desert us tonight. Why, it seemed to me to be the only way in which we and I dug me out of the shell, and No. all that had gone before were the could all come together at once. I am 2 helped me to recognize myself." events of a lively picule. At last he only too corry that Mr. Brand cannot be present. Surely he might have been

"They offered to relieve him at once,

but he declined," said Pyne. He locked out of the window of the carriage in which they were driving to the hotel. Constance had told him of the dinner arrangement, but he wished to ascertain if the donnite absence of the lighthouse keeper would tend to them here clear tokens of the depriva-

He was not in staken. She did not considerations so complex and utterly reply at once. When she spoke, it was chatter at its highest. He bent over "I will not be very entertaining, I

plenty to tell you." "For goodness sake, Etta, don't class yourself among the old fogles!" Traill himself, whose open handed cried Mr. Traill. "Look at me-fifty-

> "Please, is Mamie an' me 'vited, too?" whispered Elsie to Pyne. "You two chicks will be curled up among the feathers at 8 o'clock." he told her. "Don't you go and worry bout any dinner parties. The sooner you go to sleep the quicker you'll wake

"Candles." said Mamie.

checked dolls you ever saw. They'll have blue eyes as big as yours. Elsie, were playing truent. There was a scene of intense entha- and their tips will be as red and round to yell for me to find that doll store

"Bay, Charlie," cried his uncle, "I

nophew met in the private sitting room, tensity, and his set lips and clinched where busy waiters were making prop-neutions for dinner, Traili drew the was the knowledge that indeed he was younger man to the privacy of a win- not deceived; that he was gazing at a

"charlie," he confided, "affairs are in at some plantom product of a sura tangle. Do you realles that my mar- charged brain

"The breeze on deck was first rate. It pound by fate, and, to edd to my per- avoid betraced by her informing bosom feetly natural outcome of our mutual liking for each other that we should nurses to pasts our declining years togother. She is a very to miful and recomplished woman, but who makes no secret of her age, and the match were a suitable one in every respect.

"You can see as far through a stone wall as most people." Pyne knew that his uncle's sharp eyes were regarding bun we all, but he continued to gaze has the street. There was a moment's he littlen be-

fore Mr. Trail growied:

(25. Mrs. Vansitrart avoids are. Something has happened. The has changed her mind. Do you think she has heard about Edith?" "Eilith! Oh, of course-Eald must be diristened afresh. Not that isn't it. It would not be fair to you to say that I think you are mismion: lan, from what I know of the indy, I feel sure

"Ah, you agree with me, then?" "In admitting a doubt to advising the delay you have already suggested

she will meet you fairly when the time

"She told you I had written?" "More than that. She is ked me if I "And you said?" "Exactly what I said to you.

were made to care for them until their are both sensible people. I can hardle relatives should be forthcoming, but imagine that any misunderstanding the man to whom they clung would can exist after an hour's tail. Mr. Traill looked at his watch. A

"Mere's Stanhope and his mother." eried Prue. So his unche harried all only for the prevalent excitement. At | Lady Margaret was a well pre west

woman of aristocentic price but the accused to recover in senses,

was sick. But the men haven't car- land was ringing with the fame of her ried her off the ship, an' she wasn't in son's exploit, and her mother's heart was throbbing with pride, there had been tearful hours of vigil for her. I'm going to take you to a big house Not without a struggle had she abanwhere you will find everything fixed doned her hope that he would make a

well endowed match When Constance and Enid arrived proached. The lady's face was no she was very stately and dignified, scrutinizing, with all a mother's incre "What are you going to do with those dulity, the girl who had caused her to

cantiminte. But Enid scored a prompt success reserve with which Jack's mother

"You know," she murmured wistful-"We did not. They would not tell us. How you must have suffered until Lady Margaret drew the timid girl

and she seemed to be so much kinder "My dear," she whispered, "I am beand nicer now in her smart clothes ginning to understand why Jack loves than she was in the crowded disorder you. He is my only son, but you are

worthy of him " Mrs. Vansittart's appearance created a timety diversion. She had obtained "Mamie an' me il be glad if Mr. Pyne a black ince dress. It accentuated the seitled paller of her face, but she was Mr. Trail, who had never before perfectly self-possessed and attered a seen tears in Mrs. Vanditari's eyes, nice womaniy compliment to the two found a ready encase for her worshally, girls, who were white demittelet co-I turnes.

"It seems to me," he said genially, "You look delightful," she said, dramiffully callous to feminine requiremounts."

Here was a woman rejuvenated, re-They precounted for the guitle change in her by the fact that they had seen "In a caughe of bours," he said, "you nor hitherto under unfavorable cond-

"There were two children saved from "th!" creed Mrs. Vansittart faintly. the wrock. Poor little mites, how they reveled in a hot bath! I could not leave them until they were asleep," "I needed two hot baths," said Pyne.

During dinner there was much to tell and to hear. Mrs. Vansitiart said li spared from further duty at the lighttle, save to interpose a word now and then when Constance or Euld would have skimmed too lightly the record of their own services.

> All were in the best possible spirits and the miseries of the Gulf Rock might never have existed for this lively mpany were it not that four among tions that had endured A waiter interrupted their joyous

They did not hurry over the meal,

Mr. Trail and discreetly conveyed some communication. fear, but the young people will have "I am delighted." cried the millionnire heartily. "Show him in at once."

He rose from his chair to do honor

to an unexpected guest, "You will all be pleased to hear," he explained, "that Mr. Brand is ashore and has come to see us." Mrs. Vansittart stifled the ery on her

line. The slight color which had erest

into her pale cheeks yielded to a death-

ly hue. It chanced that the others were looking expectantly toward the door and did not notice her. Brand entered. In acknowledging

ingly explained his presence. "My superiors sent me emphatic or-"Toys," cried Elsie, going one better,
"We're just going to find two of the transferred to the tur the vessel starts lovellest and frillest and plusiest, to obey I conveyed M-My housekeer i There was a scene of intense enthusiasm when the steamer reached the as yours, Mamte. They'll talk and say would not be satisfied that I still lived,

from one to another of those present.

fell on Mrs. Vansittart, He stood as one petrified. The kindly words of his host, the outspoken never heard you reel off a screw like glee of the gars in hollow echoes brows, seemed to ask if he were not Two hours later, when uncle and lation, They were fixed on Mrs. Vanliving, breathing personality and not

She, too, yickling before the sudden-"Of course the wedding was post- ness of an ordeal she had striven to

that she was under the spell of son &

She managed to gain her feet. The consciousness that Constance, Enil, Lady Margaret even, were looking at her and at Brand with amazed anxie y served to strengthen her for a supren a "Mr. Stephen Beand-and 1-are old

acquaintances," she gasped. "He may

misimderstand-my presence here-to-

night. Indeed-in this instance-1 s a not to blame. I could not help myself. I am always trying to explainbut somehow-I never succeed. Oh." With an agon tot slah she sway d listiously and would have fallen had not Pyne caucht her.

But she was desperately determined "You young dog, you have soon it not to faint-there. This was her world, the world of society. She would not yield in its presence Her eyes wandered vaguely, helpless-

y, from the face of the man toward the others. Constance had hastened to her assistance, and the knowledge that this was so seemed to stimulate her to a higher degree. With fine courage she grasped the back of a chair and summoned a wan smile to her aid.

"You will forgive me-if I leave you,"

She walked resolutely toward the

shb murmured. "I am so tired-so

door. Brand drew aside that she might pass. He looked at her no more. Jils wondering daughter saw that big drops. of perspiration stood on his forehead. Mr. Traill, no less astonished than

sittart to her room.

very tired."

"No," she said, "I will go alone. I not used to it now after so many There was a ring of heartfelt bitter. ness in her vales which appealed to in see then one of the ellent to

the rest, offered to conduct Mrs. Van-

At the door closed behind her Wran I "I must ask your pardon, Mr. Traill. "

"Where's mamma? You said she seronly was disturbed. Although the be said quietly. "I assume that the